

# Fayetteville Observer.

N. O. Wallace,]

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.

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WHOLE NO. 421.

**TERMS.**  
Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, without discount, after the expiration of three months.  
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For the Printing of all kinds, neatly done at low prices, and on reasonable terms at any office in Tennessee.  
No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up—except at the option of the Publisher.

The Fayetteville Observer

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY JENNIE JUNE.

**"HOW MUCH SHE IS BELOVED"**  
Such were the words that escaped the lips of a woman in speaking of another woman yesterday. Well, the secret of her being so is, that she drops sweet words and pleasant smiles as she passes along; she has a kind word of sympathy for every person she meets in trouble, and a disposition to help them out of difficulty; she takes the friendliest by the hand, sympathizes with those in affliction, and everywhere diffuses around her sunshine and joy. Dr. Dodridge one day asked his little girl why it was that everybody loved her. "I know not," she replied, "unless it is that I love everybody." She was truly a little philosopher.

**MISCHIEVOUS CHILDREN.**—We like mischievous children, and for this reason: they are apt to make old men. Good boys generally die in their fifth year—not because they are good, but because their quiet habits make them strangers to mud puddles and oxygen, dirt pies, and out-door exercise. When a friend tells us he has a little baby who "never wants to leave his books," the knob of his front door immediately becomes an object of intense interest to us; we know, as if we were blest with a foreknowledge, that in less than a year, a strip of black crape will be throwing a shade across his path, that time will never eradicate.

**A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.**—Beautiful if youth and health and purity—who wakes from sleep at a touch of morning light as the flowers do, a cheerful grace whose first tones, like those of the birds, are the most musical of the day; from whose brow every trace of yesterday's wear or last night's cares is swept away even as the face of nature is renewed and brightened by the summer dew—such a girl is worth the winning.

**"Have you noticed that tree in the corner of the yard?"** When very young, it was bent down to the earth and embedded there. It then shot up again, but it is now deformed. The sun may shine, the dew and the rain may fall, but the tree will never be straight. So, bad habits once fixed, are hard things to root out.

**THE SCRIPTURES.**—The Scriptures are a depth that few can wade far into, and none can wade through; but yet all may come to the brook, and refresh themselves with drinking of the streams, of its living waters, and go in a little way, according to their strength and stature.

## A True Sketch.

### THE STOLEN SECRET.

The main distinction between iron and steel is, that one holds carbon, or the matter of charcoal, whereas the other does not. The amount of carbon is trivial, and is imparted by heating bars for a long period together, surrounded by powdered, broken charcoal in a box. Having regard, then, to this operation, it seems natural enough that the outer portion of each bar should become more completely "steelfied" (if I may be allowed to coin an expressive word) than the internal portions. Now, steel of this sort, though perfectly good for many purposes, is objectionable for others. To give an example: it is by no means good for the manufacture of watch-springs; nevertheless, before the invention of cast-steel, to which the reader's attention is shortly to be directed, watch springs had to be made of it.

There lived at Attlecliff, near Sheffield, about the year 1760, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He was very much dissatisfied with the quality of steel of which watch-springs were made in his day, and he set himself to the task of thinking out the cause of the inferiority. Mr. Huntsman correctly inferred that the imperfection of such watch-springs as came in his way was referable to the fact of the irregular conversion or "steelfication" of the metal of their manufacture. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, the composition of the latter should be regular and homogeneous." He tried, and he succeeded. The fame of Huntsman's steel became widely spread, but the discoverer took care not to designate it by the name of cast steel, under which it is now familiarly known. That was his secret.

About the year 1770, a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attlecliff. The process was wrapt in secrecy by every means which the inventor could command. None but workmen of credit and character were engaged, and they were forbidden to disclose the secrets of the manufactory by a stringent form of oath. At last Huntsman's secret was stolen in the following manner: One night in mid-winter, as the tall chimney of the Attlecliff steel works belched forth its smoke, giving promise of a roaring fire within, a traveller, to whom the desire of placing himself near a roaring fire might seem a reasonable longing, knocked at the outer door of Mr. Huntsman's factory. It was a bitter night; the snow fell fast, the wind howled across the moor; nothing then, could seem more natural than that the tired wayfarer should seek a warm corner where he might lay his head. He knocked, and the door was opened. A workman presented himself, whom the wayfarer addressing, humbly begged admission.

"No admission here, except on business."

The reader may well fancy how this intimation fell upon the tired traveller's ear on such an inclement night. But the workman, scanning the traveller over, and discovering nothing suspicious about him, granted the request, and let him in.

Feigning to be completely worn out with cold and fatigue, the wayfarer sunk upon the floor of the comfortable factory, and soon appeared to have gone to sleep. To go to sleep, however, was far from his intention: the traveller closed his eyes, all but two little chinks. Through these he saw all that he cared to see. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into little bits; then place them in crucibles, and with enormous tongs pour their liquid contents into a mould. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose; this was the secret of cast steel.

The Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly is in session at Evansville, and largely attended. They have chosen Nashville for the next place of meeting.

## What John Netherland has Done.

The Memphis Avalanche thus briefly shows up Mr. Netherland's records:

It shows that John Netherland, the Know Nothing Opposition candidate for Governor, voted, while in the Legislature of this State in 1833-4, against exempting from execution the farmer's hoe.

That this same John Netherland, voted against exempting one set of gear for plowing, in the hands of a farmer.

That this same John Netherland, voted against the exemption of an iron wedge in the hands of the farmer.

That this same John Netherland voted to deprive the farmer of every mule, horse, and yoke of oxen.

That this same John Netherland, voted against exempting one set of tools from execution.

That the law exempting the above named articles from execution passed at the session of 1833-4, and that John Netherland voted against it.

That this same "honest" John Netherland voted to repeal the law by which the above articles were secured to the farmer and mechanic.

That this Mr. John Netherland voted in 1851, to establish the Citizens' Bank of Memphis, by the failure of which thousands upon thousands of dollars were lost to the people of Tennessee.

That when it was proposed to make the individual property of stockholders liable for the debts of their banks, this same John Netherland voted no.

That when there was a proposition to tax the pleasure carriages of the rich, John Netherland voted against its adoption.

And, that this same John Netherland opposed the bill proposing to levy a tax upon the capital used by shavers and money dealers.

**SHAWLS.**—The passion for shawls, says a late writer, among all women everywhere, is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted around the loins like a sash; in another, it is swathed around the body like a skirt. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. At the Russian court, ladies judge one another by their shawls, as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the bazaar as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Parisian grisette and the London dress-maker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin drinker covers her rags with the remnant of the shawl of better days. The peasant's daughter buys a cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in it, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden aunt, grown elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the aged grandmother would no more think of going without it, at any season, than without her cap.

**RECIPE TO PREVENT MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD FROM DYING BY HYDROPHOBIA.**—As warm weather approaches, the subject of mad dogs and hydrophobia becomes peculiarly interesting; to prevent the latter and avoid the former, the following recipe was never known to fail:—Go to the nearest drug store, and purchase two shillings' worth of strychnine; next visit a butcher's shop, and get a dime's worth of meat, and a common pocket knife, and you are prepared. As soon as a dog comes in sight, throw him a small piece of meat with a little strychnine sprinkled upon it. He will eat it greedily and never can bite again.

## Choice Poetry.

### SUNSHINE.

Gather wild flowers by the wayside,  
Watch for the roses that bloom,  
As you journey unceasingly onward,  
In happiness or in gloom;  
Seek for each gem that brightens  
Your path as you pass along,  
And mingle a voice of gladness  
With the guileless, happy throng.  
Learn of the wandering sunbeam,  
To gladden with smiles of light,  
Each scene of sorrow and darkness,  
Thy presence may make more bright—  
And speak like the gentle waters,  
In accents of music and mirth,  
Of the life, the love, the beauty,  
The joyousness of earth.  
Go gather the shells by the seaside,  
E'er a dash of the ocean's spray,  
Shall come in an angry moment,  
And sweep the treasures away,  
And list to the bird of even,  
And her music so wild and free,  
When the stars of night are keeping,  
Their lonely watch with thee.

Then linger not 'mid life's shadows,  
Though lonely they may be,  
Bear with thee a ray of sunshine,  
And a spirit ever free.  
Look for the star of morning,  
Its rising thou soon shalt see,  
Already it has gilded the hills,  
Then onward—trustingly.

### GOOD MORROW.

Shine brightly through her casement, sun!  
Thou, gale, soft odors bring her!  
Ye birds that hail the dawning day,  
Your sweetest music sing her!  
Smile, Nature, on her, as she wakes,  
And hide all sight of sorrow!  
And have no sounds but those of joy  
To bid my love—good morrow.  
Good morrow to those lustrous eyes,  
With bright good humor beaming;  
Good morrow to those rosy lips,  
Where smiles are ever teeming;  
Good morrow to that happy face,  
Undimmed by cloud or sorrow;  
Good morrow heart that clings to mine—  
Good morrow, love, good morrow.

### RESPITE.

Leave me, dear ones, to my slumber,  
Daylight's faded glow is gone;  
In the red light of the morning  
I must rise and journey on.  
I am weary, oh, how weary!  
And would rest a little while;  
Let your kind looks be my blessing,  
And your last "Good night" a smile.  
We have journeyed up together,  
Through the pleasant day-time flow;  
Now my feet have pressed life's summit,  
And my pathway lies alone.  
And my dear ones, do not call me,  
Should you haply be awake,  
When across the eastern hill-tops  
Presently the day shall break.  
For, while yet the stars are lying  
In the gray lap of the dawn,  
On my long and solemn journey  
I shall be awake and gone.  
Far from mortal pain and sorrow,  
And from passion's stormy swell,  
Knocks at the golden gateway  
Of the eternal citadel.  
There, dear ones, let me slumber—  
Faded is the day and gone;  
And with morning's early splendor,  
I must rise and journey on.

**PETER HIS OWN JUDGE.**—The following amusing incident, communicated by a friend in Roxbury, Mass., occurred in a school in that city:

A lad, whom we will call Peter, for the sake of a name, playing truant from that school, and wishing an excuse the next day, altered over an old note (which had been used for the same purpose on a former occasion), by expunging the old date and substituting the present. The master immediately detected the trick, and in the presence of the school impressed upon him the dangerous character of such frauds. He then told Peter that he would leave him in the aisle for half an hour to reflect upon this, and be his own judge as to the punishment due the offense. The half hour having elapsed, the whole school was called to the "third position"—the attitude of attention—and the teacher said, "Now, sir, you yourself are the judge in this case; what is your decision?" Peter hesitated a little, then, hanging his head, pronounced in a whining voice, the following impartial verdict:

"Why, as it's the first time, I think you'd better let the poor fellow go."

## JOHN NETHERLAND.

The following brief sketch of the character of the Opposition candidate for Governor of Tennessee, we take from the Paris Sentinel:

Our cotemporary says: Mr. Netherland was always the friend of the rich and the enemy of the poor. He also voted against exempting from execution, in the hands of a farmer, one plow, one hoe, one iron wedge, one set of gear and horse. He voted against exempting, in the hands of a mechanic, one set of working tools. The Col. has no heart for the poor farmer or mechanic, or their wives and children. His sympathies, his votes, show, he has ever been for the rich banker, the shaver and the wealthy nabob, who rolls over the stony streets in his thousand dollar carriage, which Col. Netherland votes shall not be taxed. In his first speech at Nashville, he took ground against the currency resolutions in the Democratic platform, and now he is crawling upon it, like a turtle on a log. He was first a Democrat, opposed to a United States Bank, Protective Tariff and Improvement by the General Government; then turned Whig, in favor of a United States Bank, protective Tariff and Internal Improvements, &c. He slipped the Whig halter, became a regular, catboud Know-Nothing, opposed to both Whiggery and Democracy, and in favor of proscribing the Irish Catholics, and for nobody but Know-Nothing for office. Failing to get all the offices in 1855, he slips the Know-Nothing halter, turns "American and Whig," a sort of mixing of Cincinnati bust-knife with a little good old Bourbon to give it the appearance of decency. But failing to palm the adulterated stuff off upon the people, in 1856, changes back again to Whiggery, with strong Know-Nothing-Republican sympathies. Failing again to get the people to swallow the dose prepared for them in 1857, the Col. and his followers have stripped off all their old garments, for a new sort of Opposition goods, with Black R-publican warp and Know-Nothing filling, made to order, for the canvass 1859-60.

**PANAMA HATS.**—The hat so widely known as the Panama hat, costing from \$2 to \$150, is here (Guayaquil) manufactured. They differ from other straw hats in being made of a single piece, and of great lightness and flexibility. The plant from which they are made is the jipi-jape, and looks like a palm; the leaves are gathered before they unfold, all the ribs and coarser veins being removed, and the rest, without being separated from the stalk, is reduced to thread. After exposure to the sun for a day or two, the straw is tied up into a knot, and immersed in boiling water until it becomes white; this is then hung in a shady place, and bleached for several days, the straw is then ready for use, and made into cigar and cord-cases, and put to innumerable other uses. Hats are made on blocks placed between the knees, requiring to be constantly pressed to the breast; the plaiting is exceedingly troublesome, commencing at the crown, and ending at the brim, requiring, of course, more or less time, according to fineness. These hats are universally worn on the coast and in the West India Islands; those generally used by the higher classes costing from \$40 to \$60.

**FEARFULLY PERSONAL.**—Mr. John R. Cox, an Arkansas lawyer, published a card about some person who he alleges has slandered him, in which he pleasantly remarks:

I will not handle the puppy as he deserves, but will close by simply saying that he is a LIAR, too low for pity and too mean for contempt. If I am troubled to pay much more attention to him, I shall handle him without gloves. I can whip him before he can scorch a kitten dried feather. He had better keep his fly trap closed in the future.

## Scrap of History.

### The First Congress.

Mr. Everett, in the last of his Mount Vernon papers for the New York Ledger, gives an interesting review of the organization of the Federal Government under the Constitution. When the 4th of March, 1789—the appointed day which was to give an organized constitutional existence to a new confederate republic, about to enter on an equal footing into the family of nations—arrived, there had assembled at the seat of the new government, at New York, of the Senate, only the two Senators from New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania, and one each from Massachusetts and Georgia. These eight punctual men met and adjourned from day to day for a week without any addition to their number. On the 11th of March they agreed that a circular should be written to the absent members requesting their immediate attendance. Another week passed with the same result, and on the 13th of March it was agreed that "another circular should be written to eight of the nearest absent members, particularly desiring their attendance, in order to form a quorum." On the 19th of March a Senator from New Jersey dropped in; on the 21st a Senator from Delaware made his appearance, and then for another mortal week no increase of the number of Senators in attendance took place.

The other Senator from New Jersey came in on the 28th. No one else made his appearance till the 6th of April, when "Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, appearing, took his seat and formed a quorum of the whole Senators of the United States," viz: twelve in number, the States which had as yet ratified the constitution being but eleven. Such was the tardy organization of the Senate, which at first sat with closed doors as well for legislative as executive business.

Of the Representatives, of whom the whole number from the eleven ratifying States was but fifty-nine, thirteen only assembled at New York on the 4th of March, viz: Four from Massachusetts, three from Connecticut, four from Pennsylvania, one from Virginia, and one from South Carolina. On the following day one more arrived from New Hampshire, one from Massachusetts, two from Connecticut, and one from Pennsylvania. No one else came in till the 14th of March, the house adjourning from day to day for want of a quorum. On that day Jas. Madison, Jr., and two other members from Virginia came in, but there was still no quorum. On the 17th and 18th of March two more members from Virginia appeared, and no further arrivals took place till the 23d. On that day two members came in from New Jersey, and on the 25th another from Virginia. No additional members arrived till the 30th of March, when another member from Maryland and Virginia appeared. On the 1st of April another member each from New Jersey and Pennsylvania came in, and a quorum was formed. It was five days more before a quorum of the Senate was present, and the first Congress of the United States was organized. On the 21st of April the Vice President, John Adams, appeared and took his seat as President of the Senate.

No sleep is so sweet and refreshing as that which comes from the weariness of toil. The daily laborer swings his heavy axe, handles the blacksmith's hammer, laughs at dyspepsia, and enjoys a repose at night that many an indolent might well covet.

It is generally observed that persons of about 40 years, especially young ladies of that age, are very forgetful of those with whom they were acquainted in childhood. This remarkable dimness of memory has been appropriately styled: "The darkness of the middle ages."

## RAILROADS.

The Railroad Record, published at Cincinnati, furnishes some interesting facts which, though having immediate and exclusive reference to the railroads of the North-western States, most strikingly illustrate the value and importance of railroads generally.

It appears that in the six States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, there were in 1852, 2,678 miles of railroad—that since that year there have been 5,646 miles more completed—being an average of 1,100 miles for each of the six years since 1852.

The average cost per mile has been \$35,000, and the average annual expenditures \$38,000,000—sufficient to employ at the average of wages, one hundred thousand able-bodied men.

This expenditure has had a double effect on the improvement of the country—first, in the employment of so many men—secondly, by furnishing facilities for carrying off the produce of the country. This last effect, says the very able editor of the Record, E. D. Mansfield, no one can sufficiently estimate. It has reduced by one-half the cost of transportation, and given a positive value in market to every bushel of grain on the remotest farm. The effect of this is seen in the increased value of improved farms in producing States—in Ohio, for example, the value of the property in which has increased \$507,581,911 in 1852, to \$870,000,000 in 1858—being an aggregate increase of \$353,000,000 in six years, and an average annual increase of \$58,000,000.

While the annual increase in the value of property in Ohio has been \$58,000,000, the annual expenditures on railroads in the same State have amounted to \$10,000,000 per annum; so that the improved value of the State property has been six times greater than the whole amount expended in railroads.

The increased value of property in the North-western States in the last six years, has been about one thousand millions of dollars, while the expenditure on railroads in those States, within that time, has been two hundred millions.

Whatever effect on that increase of property has been produced by railroads, it is certain that the North-western States could afford to give the entire cost of all their roads, and yet have left near eight hundred millions of increased value of property.

Such results have not been produced by any species of social machinery since the world began. Beyond all question, similar results must follow the completion of the railroads now being constructed in the South, and in the increased value of property they will repay many-fold the amount expended in their construction.

**THE BOSTON STANDARD.**—In an article upon free blacks, and their duty to make money, if they would be considered respectable, the Christian Examiner says:

No race in this country will be despised which makes money. If we had in Boston ten ourang outangs with a million of dollars each, they would visit in the best society; we should leave our cards at their doors, and give them snug little dinner parties.

**A SUM IN ADDITION.**—Christian readers, here is a sum in addition for you to work out. It will require diligence and care, and admit of no wasted time:

Add to your faith, virtue;  
Add to your virtue, knowledge;  
Add to knowledge, temperance;  
Add to temperance, patience;  
Add to patience, godliness;  
Add to godliness, brotherly kindness;  
Add to brotherly kindness, charity.

If a man fail to the amount of a million, it is all right—he is a gentleman; but let him fail to the amount of his board bill, oh, then he is a scoundrel. Quite an epitome of society, like an inverted cone—the wrong end uppermost!